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more perfect recognition on the part of individuals and of the nation. Every cause like this is compelled to depend for support on the liberality of its friends. Every bona fide subscription to the paper helps us to extend its influence so much the wider. We therefore ask the friends of the cause to aid us in this way, and we shall do the very best we can to make the ADVOCATE in every way worthy of your patronage.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Thomas Chase, Litt. D., LL. D., whose article on "War the One Foe of Italy," appeared in the columns of the September ADVOCATE, died at his home in Providence, Rhode Island, on the 5th of October, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. He was graduated from Harvard in 1848 and served as tutor there from 1850 to 1853. He then spent two years in study and travel in Europe, visiting Italy and Greece, and attending the lectures of several eminent scholars in Germany and France. In 1855 he was chosen Professor of Philology and Classical Literature in Haverford College, Philadelphia, and was made President of the same institution in 1875. This position he held till 1886, being thus connected with the college for thirty-one years. The development of the college and its reputation for sound and scholarly methods were largely due to him. His eminent services in the cause of classical study secured for him the title of LL. D. from Harvard University. He was a member of the American New Testament Revision Committee, and was considered by the Chairman, ex-President Wolsey, one of the most useful men in the Committee. He was the senior editor of Chase and Stuart's Classical Text-books, the author of a book on Greece, a contributor to the North American Review, etc. In 1889 he was a member of the Philological Congress in Stockholm, Sweden. He was the author, some years ago, of an important essay on "The Christian Churches and War," in which he showed that the Christian Church is largely responsible for the continuance of war. On every suitable occasion he used his tongue and his pen against the evils of militarism.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WORLD'S FAIR DEDICATION.

It was a great occasion. New adjectives will have to be invented, if it is ever described. Not even Chicagoans had any real conception of the vastness of that for which they were planning. They did their part and did it well, but it was the world's dedication, and all the world sent elements of success for the opening day of the Great Exposition of the centuries. There were people

present from nearly every land on which the sun shines. It is doubtful if Chicago will be worse strained at any time during the Exposition itself to take care of the people than it was at the dedication. Transportation facilities were entirely inadequate to get the people to the grounds. Hotel accommodations were taxed to their utmost. Rooms in private families brought from three to eight dollars per day without meals. The restaurants were crowded from morning till night, and furnished meals, many of them at a rate ruinously cheap. Fairly good dinners were served in places for twenty-five cents.

Arriving in the city on the morning of the 20th just as the civic parade was about to begin, we took our stand (literally) in front of the Grand Pacific hotel. The sky was clouded above and the smoke hung heavily in the streets and avenues along which the procession was to pass. Flags and pennants and scarfs, of all sizes and shapes and colors, hung and floated and flapped and drooped and trailed, from the streets up to the tops of the great twenty story edifices. Innumerable faces from roof and balcony and windows looked down on the crowd packed and wedged in on the sidewalk at the rate of about one hundred to every twenty-five feet of length of sidewalk. All the usual incidents of great crowds occurred, — excitement, nonsense, swooning, pillaging, as the nearly half a million pairs of eyes strained to get the first glimpse of the coming procession. And when it began, cheers and yells and hand clappings for five long hours smote your ears from both ways of the street as Exposition officials, and city officials, and State officials, and government officials, as men from the army and navy, horse and foot marched by followed by a train of civic orders which seemed to have no end. It was the people of the country which we saw in miniature file by that day, the people that have made this land what it is. How the poor Governors, tipping their hats and smiling and bowing, ever got to the end is incomprehensible. McKinley as he went by, the most cheered man in the long line, looked as if he greatly needed "protection" to his neck. At 5 o'clock it was all over, and the crowd poured itself in dark masses into every street and alley of the great city to rest and wait for the morrow, "the great day of the feast."

The morning of the 21st rose bright and cheery as anything can be in the smoke and dirt of the great commercial metropolis. By 9 o'clock the city was on foot, mounting horses, climbing into carriages, packing the railway trains, swarming on the sides of the cable cars, walking, running, standing in indistinguishable masses along the borders of Michigan avenue, as the procession moved out to go to Jackson Park seven miles away. More than half a million people watched the great parade, and one did not know which to admire most the procession or the throng who watched it. The order could scarcely have been better, for the people who came from